

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



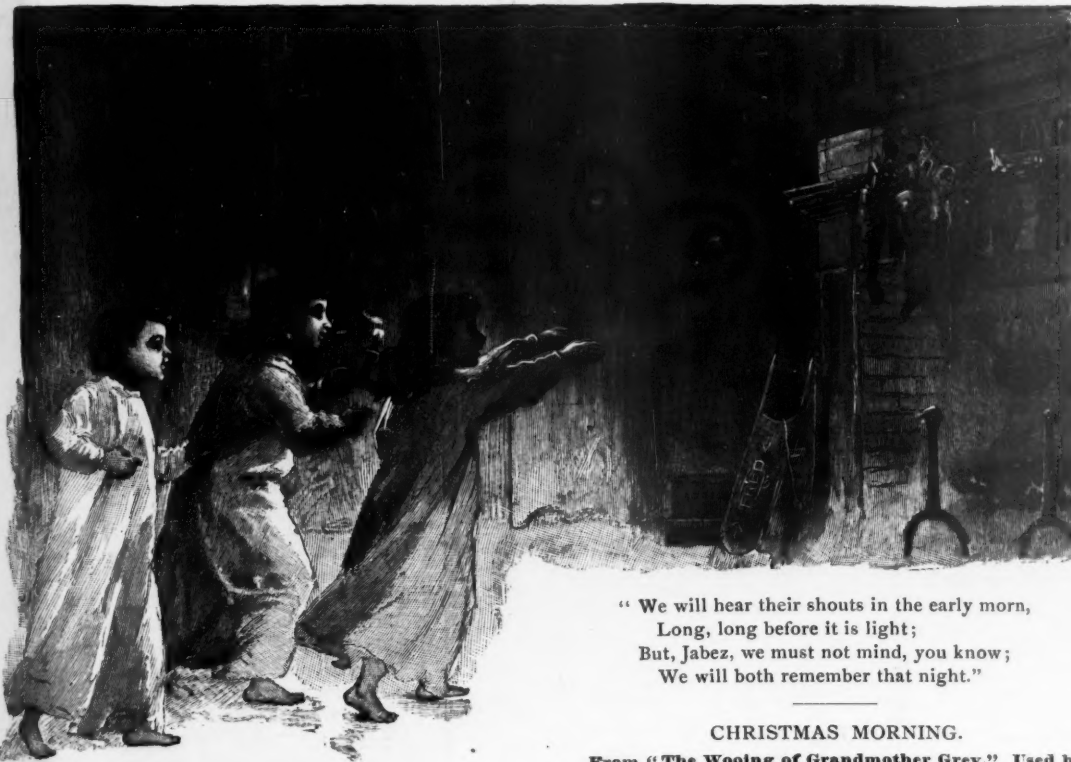
CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 22.

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No. 7.



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"We will hear their shouts in the early morn,
Long, long before it is light;
But, Jabez, we must not mind, you know;
We will both remember that night."

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

From "The Wooing of Grandmother Grey." Used by
kind permission of Lee & Shepard.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Through the kindness of Messrs. Lee & Shepard of this city, we are permitted to give our readers two of the twenty-four cuts found in their new beautifully illustrated Christmas poem by Kate Tannatt Woods, "The Wooing of Grandmother Grey." This poem with its illustrations recalls in the happiest manner the days of our grandparents, the methods of their living, the old-fashioned houses, the chairs, the candles and candle-sticks, the open fire-place, the crane, the old "eight day" clock in

the corner of the room, the inviting brick hearth, the home-like contentment of past days.

Grandmother Grey's courtship story touches a tender chord, and makes one yearn for the homely simplicity and rugged sincerity which characterized the families of the old country homes of New England. For the benefit of our readers we add that the price of this beautiful volume is two dollars and advise them while purchasing Christmas presents to remember "The Wooing of Grandmother Grey."

"Glory be to God
in the highest, on
earth peace, good will
toward men."

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

Hark, throughout Christendom
joy bells are ringing;
From mountain and valley,
o'er land and o'er sea,
Sweet choral melodies pealing
and thrilling,
Echoes of ages from far
Galilee.

Christmas is here,
Merry old Christmas,
Gift-bearing, heart-touching,
joy-bringing Christmas,
Day of grand memories,
king of the year.

The Christmas chimes
are pealing, softly pealing;
the joyous sounds are ringing,
ever louder and clearer,
ever nearer and nearer, like
a sweet-toned benediction
falling on the ear. Glad
ringers are pulling the
ropes, and in one grand
swell of melody Christmas
with its old, yet ever new
and marvelous mysteries,
bursts triumphantly upon
the world once more.

The cattle have turned
their heads to the east and
knelt down to worship the
king cradled in the manger;
the houses are decked with
holly; the yule log burns
brightly; the gray shadows
sweep away; the sun is up
and the bright-eyed chil-

dren who have lain awake all night listening for the patter of old St. Nick's tiny steeds on the roof, only to fall asleep at the eventful moment, wake hurriedly to find the stockings running over with toys and sweetmeats.

Beautiful and right it is that gifts and good wishes should fill the air like snow flakes at Christmas-tide. And beautiful is the year in its coming and in its going—most beautiful and blessed because it is always the Year of *Our Lord*.

I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
But in despair I bowed my head—
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men."
Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"
—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

TODAY.

O night of nights! O night
Desired of men so long!
The ancient heavens fled forth in light
To sing thee thy new song;
And shooting down the steep,
To shepherd folk of old,
An angel, while they watched their sheep,
Set foot beside the fold.
It was so long ago;
But God can make it now,
And as with that sweet overflow,
Our empty hearts endow,
Take, Lord, these words outworn,
Oh, make them new for aye,
Speak—"Unto you a child is born,"
Today—today! today!

—JEAN INGELOW.

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come together here.

Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strifes beginning,
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken,
Under the holly bough.

—CHARLES MCKAY.

THAT GLORIOUS SONG OF OLD.

We mean to print in our Christmas edition every year, as long as we edit this paper, the following, which appears on the back of the certificates of membership of our "*American Humane Education Society*."

THAT GLORIOUS SONG OF OLD.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For, lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.
—EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS.

AROUND THE LOWLY MANGER.

Lo, on the first bright Christmas-eve,
Around the lowly manger,
The soft-eyed brutes with angels gaze
Upon the heavenly stranger.

We cannot know how far and deep
Their mystic instinct reacheth,
Nor what mute sense of Right and Love
These poor dumb children teacheth.

But Love that can redeem and save,
For evil, good returning,
Can hold all creatures to its heart,
The humblest never spurning.

Honor the voice that dares to speak,
The cruel jest unheeding,
For those who cannot speak themselves,
A word of friendly pleading.

KIND ACT.

The Looker-On, while passing along Washington Street, yesterday, had his attention called to a little incident which impressed him very much. The "*blind fiddler*" was playing opposite the Old South Church. A middle-aged woman, simply, but neatly clad in garments which showed her to belong to the poorer class, happened along and stopped for a moment to look at the blind musician. "Poor, poor man," she was heard to say, "it's too bad," and passing her hand into her pocket she drew out a pocket-book and took from it a coin which she dropped into his little box. "God bless you," she said and passed on. * * * * * —*Boston Record*.

TWO LITTLE STOCKINGS.

Two little stockings hung side by side,
Close to the fireplace broad and wide,
"Two?" said Saint Nick, as down he came,
Loaded with toys and many a game.
"Ho, ho!" said he, with a laugh of fun,
"I'll have no cheating, my pretty one;
I know who dwells in this house, my dear,
There's only one little girl lives here."
So he crept up close to the chimney-place,
And measured a sock with a sober face.
Just then a wee little note fell out
And fluttered low like a bird about.
"Aha! what's this?" said he, in surprise,
As he pushed his specs up close to his eyes,
And read the address in a child's rough plan,
"Dear Saint Nicholas," so it began;
"The other stocking you see on the wall
I have hung for a child named Clara Hall,
She's a poor little girl, but very good,
So I thought, perhaps, you kindly would
Fill up her stocking, too, tonight,
And help to make her Christmas bright.
If you've not enough for both stockings there,
Please put all in Clara's, I shall not care."
Saint Nicholas brushed a tear from his eye,
And, "God bless you, darling," he said with a sigh,
Then softly he blew through the chimney high
A note like a bird's, as it soars on high,
When down came two of the funniest mortals
That ever were seen this side earth's portals.
"Hurry up," said Saint Nick, "and nicely prepare
All a little girl needs where money is rare."
Then oh, what a scene there was in that room!
Away went the elves, but down from the gloom
Of the sooty old chimney comes tumbling low,
A child's whole wardrobe, from head to toe.
How Santa Claus laughed, as he gathered them in
And fastened each one to the sock with a pin.
Right to the toe he hung a blue dress,
"She'll think it came from the sky, I guess,"
Said Saint Nicholas, smoothing the folds of blue
And tying the hood to the stocking, too.
When all the warm clothes were fastened on,
And both little socks were filled and done,
Then Santa Claus tucked a toy here and there,
And hurried away to the frosty air,
Saying, "God pity the poor, and bless the dear child
Who pities them, too, on this night so wild."
The wind caught the words and bore them on high
Till they died away in the midnight sky;
While Saint Nicholas flew through the icy air,
Bringing "peace and good-will" with him everywhere.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

A prominent Lynn gentleman had a rather strange experience a short time ago. He woke in the middle of the night, and while talking with his wife heard, as did she, the twitter of a bird, which both recognized as the note of a pet canary which he kept at his place of business. He was mystified and his wife was alarmed, but he soothed her fears, and the incident was soon forgotten.

The next morning he went down to his store, removed his coat and threw it on a chair. Just then he noticed his canary under his feet, weak and apparently dying. He asked of an attendant how long it had been since the bird was fed, and found it was some days, through an oversight. The bird had been in the habit of getting out of its cage and flying around the store, and in its distress had flown out and got into its owner's pocket, being thus carried home and spending the night with him. Some bird seed and water restored the sufferer.—*Boston Record*.



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; SAMUEL E. SAWYER,
Vice-President; REV. THOMAS TIMMINS, Secretary;
JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Treasurer.

Over five thousand eight hundred branches
of the Parent American Band of Mercy have
been formed, with probably over four hundred
thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living
creatures, and try to protect them from cruel
usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross
out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P.
C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention
of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking,
a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and all
other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes
that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy"
by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or
children or both — either signed, or authorized
to be signed — to the pledge, also the name chosen
for the "Band" and the name and post-office
address [town and state] of the President:

1st, Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANI-
MALS," full of interesting stories and pictures,
for one year.

2d, Copy of Band of Mercy Information.

3d, Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4th, Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals,
containing many anecdotes.

5th, Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pic-
tures and one hundred selected stories and
poems.

6th, For the President, an imitation gold
badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance
Associations and teachers and Sunday school
teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member, but to
sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years
old can form a Band with no cost, and receive
what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn
books, cards of membership, and a membership
book for each Band, the prices are, for badges,
gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon,
four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-
two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of
membership, two cents; and membership book,
eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kind-
ness to Animals" cost only two cents for the
whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The
Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hun-
dred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do
a kind act, to make the world happier or bet-
ter, is invited to address, by letter or postal,
Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street,
Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full in-
formation.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat
the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and "reading of Report of
last Meeting by Secretary."

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anec-
dotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to
both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instru-
mental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they
have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and
better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

From American Teacher.

PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices,
sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a
beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life*
Member of the "Parent American Band of Mercy," and a
"Band of Mercy" member of the Massachusetts Society for
the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all without cost, or
can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-
cent return postage stamp, have names added to the list,
and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish
the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them
at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail
by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve
cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women not only of
Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the
"Parent American Band."

Bands can obtain our membership certifi-
cates at ten cents a hundred.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead
every child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word, or do a kind act that will
make some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HOW A BEAUTIFUL HYMN WAS WRITTEN.

One day Mr. Wesley was sitting by an open
window, looking out over the bright and beauti-
ful fields. Presently, a little bird, flitting about
in the sunshine, attracted his attention. Just
then a hawk came sweeping down towards the
little bird. The poor thing, very much fright-
ened, was darting here and there, trying to find
some place of refuge. In the bright sunny air,
in the leafy trees, or the green fields, there was
no hiding place from the fierce grasp of the
hawk. But seeing an open window and a man
sitting by it, the bird flew, in its extremity, to-
wards it, and, with a beating heart and quiver-
ing wing, found refuge in Mr. Wesley's bosom.
He sheltered it from the threatening danger,
and saved it from a cruel death.

Mr. Wesley was at that time suffering from
severe trials, and was feeling the need of refuge
in his own time of trouble, as much as did the
trembling little bird that nestled so safely in his
bosom. So he took up his pen and wrote that
sweet hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high."

That prayer grew into one of the most beauti-
ful hymns in our language, and multitudes of
people, when in sorrow and danger, have found
comfort while they have said or sung the last
lines of that hymn.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

In lowly hut and palace hall
Peasant and king keep festival;
And childhood wears a fairer guise,
And tenderer shine all mothers' eyes;
The aged man forgets his years,
The mirthful heart is doubly gay,
The sad are cheated of their tears,
For Christ the Lord was born today.

THE LARGEST CHRISTMAS TREE EVER PUT UP.

We take the following from a recent San
Remo letter to the *Edinburgh Scotsman*: Sig-
nor Sonzogno, the enterprising and philan-
thropic editor of the *Secolo* daily newspaper in
Milan, got up last year a Christmas tree for the
poor children in that city. He was enabled to
give a treat to 14,000. This year he undertook
the same work, intimating that he wished 80,000
gifts in order to give 20,000 poor children under
10 years of age four articles each — namely an
article of dress, a toy, a piece of sweet-meat, and
a piece of fruit. From the first day that this
intimation appeared in the pages of his journal
until last Monday, gifts for the "tree" in money
and kind poured in upon him. These came not
only from the wealthier families and shops in
Milan, but from all parts of Italy, and even from
Tripoli and far-off Massana. The Theatre
Canobbiana was granted the distribution of the
gifts on Christmas Day. A veritable giant
mountain pine was set up on the stage, its top
lost in the blue gauze sky. A family of smaller
trees stood round and round the theatre, which,
with flowers, statues, and fountains, was made
a veritable "paradise." Twenty-two thousand
tickets, a gift of a Milanese printer, had been
distributed among the poorest children in the
town. At 9 o'clock on Christmas morning the
doors of the theatre were thrown open, and from
that hour till 6 o'clock in the evening a contin-
uous stream of children poured into the building.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

"Hubby, dear, I can't wait to tell you what
I'm going to buy you for Christmas!" "Darling
wife what is it?" "Well, I'm going to get you a
silver card tray and a bronze Hercules for the
mantle and a lovely Russian table rug to lay in
front of my dressing case. What are you going
to get for me, Tootsy?" "I've been thinking,
Jane, and have about concluded to get you a new
shaving brush."

In Sweden if you address the poorest
person on the street, you must lift your hat.
The same courtesy is insisted upon if you
pass a lady on a stairway. To place your
hand on the arm of a lady in Italy is a grave
and objectionable familiarity.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, December, 1889.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

We are glad to report this month *seven thousand one hundred and three* branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy."

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a *public library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel*, can send us seventeen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume, or the stamps will be returned.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

PROTECTION OF ANIMALS.

The November meetings of the Directors Mass. Society P. C. to Animals and the American Humane Education Society were held on the 20th ult. President Angell reported receipt of a legacy of \$500 from estate of Mary Eveleth, deceased. The drinking fountain for animals now being erected by the Mass. Society in gratitude to Ellen M. Gifford, on corner of Beacon Street and Brookline and Brighton Avenues, will soon be running night and day. The new system of coachmen's signals had been unanimously adopted by the "Coachmen's Benevolent Association," and all the drivers' organizations of the city will be asked to adopt it. Plans for humane education in all the public and parochial schools of the city are being carried out. The committee on the \$300 prize offered to editors are hard at work. One hundred and ninety-six new branches of the Society's Band of Mercy have been formed the past month, the whole number being now 7103. The Boston agents have dealt during the month with 191 complaints of cruelty, taken 34 horses from work and mercifully killed 56 horses and other animals.

The American Humane Education Society has sent outside the State literature to the amount of over \$500, and its missionary is doing active work founding societies in Iowa.

SHIPMENT OF LIVE GEESE TO BOSTON.

We are glad to find in the St. Johns, New Brunswick, *Globe* of Nov. 13 an acknowledgment of the great improvement in the methods of shipping live geese from New Brunswick to Boston, brought about by the joint efforts of Mr. Wetmore of the St. Johns Society and the agents of our Mass. S. P. C. A.

IMPROVED TRANSPORTATION OF CATTLE.

It is good news that we get from the Boston agents of the three largest Western packers:

ARMOUR & CO. say: *Nearly all the meat that comes on the hoof comes in improved cars, but three-fourths of all that comes for consumption is dressed.*

SWIFT BROS. say: *Very little comes on the hoof. Monroe slaughters most of those. The rest goes to a few butchers who do comparatively a small business.*

THE WESTERN BEEF CO. say: *Ten times the quantity that comes on the hoof comes dressed.*

EDITORS' PRIZE ESSAYS.

We hope to be able to announce in January "Our Dumb Animals" the name of the winner of the \$300 prize offered by our "American Humane Education Society" for the best essay on "The effect of Humane Education on the prevention of crime." Mr. Clement, "editor-in-chief" of the *Boston Transcript* and chairman of the committee, has given his decision, and the essays are now in the hands of Hon. John W. Dickinson, Secretary of our State Board of Education. We shall not read either essay, or open any sealed letter to know the name of any writer until the final decision of the three committee, or a majority of them, shall determine to whom the \$300 belongs. Mr. Clement speaks in high praise of several of the essays.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A LAW AGAINST DOCKING.

We would respectfully ask friends in other states who read this paper to try to obtain this winter a law against docking, similar to that obtained by us last winter in Massachusetts. Please call upon me freely for any help you may want in obtaining such a law.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

DOCKING HORSES \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the *life mutilation* of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President.

A SCENE IN BROMFIELD STREET.

The other day a team ran over the foot of a fine horse in Bromfield Street. It was estimated that nearly five hundred people had gathered in the street when our ambulance came to the rescue, and the horse, sustained by belts underneath him, was conveyed most humanely to his owner's stable. There was not a person in that crowd that was not made happier by the sight of that ambulance. There was not one who, if the name of the merciful lady who gave that ambulance were known, would not have said *God bless her.*

Mr. James B. King, Box 1523, Springfield, Mass., has taken the place of Miss Warner as Collector for our Mass. S. P. C. Animals, in Western Massachusetts.

"I AM NOT INTERESTED IN ANIMALS," Said a lady, whom we casually met at a hotel a few days since, "*but I am interested in the Society for the protection of children.*"

"A very good institution," we replied, "and we are glad to say that we have been for many years a life member of our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children."

It had probably never occurred to this good lady that man is only one out of about three hundred and twenty thousand kinds of living creatures that God has created in this world of ours, and that while in the city of Boston alone there are nearly two hundred charitable organizations supported by private benevolence for the protection of human beings, there is only one, with two or three little branches in the whole Commonwealth of Massachusetts, for the protection of dumb animals. While it seems to us a duty very clear to strive to secure a higher protection for the innumerable millions that cannot speak, and that nothing can be more important than the work of our "American Humane Education Society," yet in regard to all other good organizations, we hope to always be able to say in the words of Daniel Webster: "If I have too little of that spirit that raises mortals to the skies, I trust I have none of that other spirit that would drag angels down."

A WESTERN PACKER—100 COPIES—

Sends us a year's subscription for one hundred copies of "Our Dumb Animals," to be distributed among his men.

A WESTERN CITY—700 TEACHERS.

We are glad to receive a request to send to about *seven hundred teachers* in a western city "Our Dumb Animals" for three months, preparatory to an effort to form "Bands of Mercy" in all their public schools. We have agreed to send at the bare cost to us, or less if difficulty is found in raising the money. We shall not let a money question stand in the way of forming *seven hundred Bands of Mercy.*

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

A lady writes us of six "Bands of Mercy" recently formed in the colored churches of Asheville, N. C., the Pastors being Presidents.

She writes "Nothing is more needed among the colored people than these 'Bands of Mercy.'"

And we add, what any one who reads the records of murders and crimes daily recorded in our papers can see, that nothing is more needed among the *white* people than these "Bands of Mercy."

BELOIT, WISCONSIN.

We are glad to learn from Mrs. J. H. French of Beloit, that *all the clergymen* of that college city, Sunday school superintendents and all teachers in public schools have been supplied with our Nashville address, and *every clergyman in the city has preached a sermon on Humane Education and with such effect that many ladies declare they will wear no more birds while the world stands.*

PROTECT THE EYES.

A correspondent calls attention to the fact that in clipping horses the long hairs which protect the eyes from dust and excessive light are taken off.

If you must clip your horses—for mercy's sake don't cut off nature's protection of the eyes.

SANTA DOMINGO, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

We are most glad to know that through the earnest efforts of our friend Mr. Nathan Appleton, a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals has been formed at Santa Domingo under most favorable auspices.

We congratulate Mr. Appleton upon his success in enlisting prominent citizens of the Dominican Republic.

OUR GOOD FRIEND MR. LOUIS PRANG brings us two beautiful new Christmas pictures, "The Dash for Liberty," a flock of chickens escaping from a basket, and "Five O'clock Tea," two children, a dog and three dolls. The two children and dog each seated in a chair at the table remind us of an experience we once had at a café at Paris, where, after taking our seat at the square table, two fine looking dogs and a beautiful French cat took their seats in the other three chairs and shared our dinner.

THE PINERIES OF MINNESOTA.

A lady sends us an article, cut from "The Christian Register," on the terrible cruelties inflicted upon horses in the pinneries of North Eastern Minnesota, and asks if we cannot send the missionary of our American Humane Education Society into Minnesota.

I answer that Minnesota has been pretty well talked to already. During one of my visits to that State I addressed at Minneapolis (1st) an audience of about 800—(2nd) an audience of about 1000—(3d) a union meeting of churches filling the Opera House, and an over-flow meeting in a large public hall—(4th) the Episcopal Convocation, and subsequently a large audience in St. Paul.

At this time we formed a Humane Society in Minnesota.

At my last visit I addressed in Minneapolis the students of the State University—the High School—the Congregational Club—and a large audience Sunday evening in one of the churches, and since then we have been sending large amounts of humane literature into Minnesota and forming there numerous "Bands of Mercy." Notwithstanding this, if we had several missionaries we might spare one for Minnesota, but unfortunately we have at present but one missionary for this whole country.

If some millionaire would give us the power we would most gladly send missionaries of our American Humane Education Society into every State and Territory to preach the gospel of kindness, not only for the protection of dumb animals but for the perpetuity of free government and the protection of property and life.

GEORGE T. ANGELL.

A MULE WEARING BREECHES.

I came across an instructive note in a recent supplement to a catalogue of the Boston Athenæum which interested me as showing that there are some places in the world where it is not necessary to get up societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The reference is to the Canary Islands, where C. Edwardes saw a spectacle which appealed to his risibilities as well as to his sympathy. It was a mule "walking up the street at a demure pace in two pairs of sackcloth breeches." The muletter, observing the astonishment of the tourist, hastened to explain to him the reason for this devotion to an animal of the habiliments of a man. "It is because of the flies, senor, the cursed flies," and the smile of sympathy with which the remark was made left no doubt of its sincerity.—Boston Post.

[Compare this with the humanity of cutting off horses' tails.—EDITOR.]

"Bridget, has Johnnie come home from school yet?" "Yis, sorr." "Have you seen him?" "No, sorr." "Then how do you know he's home?" "'Cause the cat's hidin' under the stove, sorr."—Time.

[Try to get Johnny into a Band of Mercy.—EDITOR.]

\$500.

Our American Humane Education Society gives our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals this month a check for \$500, to pay for humane literature sent over the country—outside of Massachusetts. We want to send \$500 worth of literature outside the State every month, and will do it when our "American Humane Education Society" can get the means.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR MISSIONARY OF THE "AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY."

HUMBOLDT, IOWA, Oct. 18th, 1889.

DEAR SIR,—I am trying Northern Iowa, and find some interest in our work. I addressed a good audience at Addison last Sabbath afternoon, and formed a Band of Mercy of seventy members. From there I went to Dakota City, and formed two Bands of Mercy, as follows.

From Dakota City I went to Fort Dodge, when I addressed the High School and formed two Bands of Mercy, as follows.

I arranged with the superintendent of the school to form Bands in all the schools.

From there I went to Humboldt and formed five Bands of Mercy, as follows.

I go next to Cedar Rapids, where I shall likely spend a week, as it is a large town.

Very truly,

C. S. HUBBARD.

CLINTON, IOWA, Oct. 31st, 1889.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President American Humane Education Society: I received yours of the 21st at Cedar Rapids. I organized a society there on the 25th of forty-one members—President, C. T. Ivis; Secretary, H. S. Knudsen. I also gave an address in the M. E. Church; put into the hands of the superintendent of schools, Prof. J. P. Hendricks, our literature, and arranged with him to introduce the work in the schools. I have formed forty "Bands of Mercy" here, a list of which find enclosed. I hope to organize a Society here next Monday evening. I will go from here to Dubuque, Iowa. Please send me these, &c., &c. Hoping to hear from you at Dubuque, I am,

Very truly yours,

C. S. HUBBARD.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, 11-15, '89.

After writing you at Clinton I addressed the Union Temperance Mission School of 128 and formed a Band of Mercy. I also organized a Humane Society, 257 members, Eugene Weston, Secretary. From there I came here and have been hard at work in the public schools for four days, and formed seventy-four Bands of Mercy, a list of which I enclose.

If Mrs. Appleton and others of those who have contributed so generously to the American Humane Education Society could see the good results from this work in the public schools of these Western States, and hear the expressions of approval from Teachers and Boards of Education, I know it would give them great comfort. I begin in the morning to visit leading citizens to get them interested in organizing a Humane Society. I go next to Muscatine, at which place I shall be glad to hear from you. The literature came all right. Please send me to Muscatine, &c., &c., copies of 12 Lessons on Kindness to Animals and copies Band of Mercy Songs.

Very truly,

C. S. HUBBARD.

MOUNT HERMON SCHOOL.

We have often heard of D. L. Moody's Mount Hermon School at Northfield, Mass., but did not know there was another Mount Hermon School at Clinton, Mississippi, until we received the following letter:—

MOUNT HERMON SEMINARY, CLINTON, MISS., Nov. 6th, 1889.

Mr. GEO. T. ANGELL: DEAR SIR,—I have formed a Band of Mercy called Mount Hermon Band of Mercy, of thirty-two members. We hold our meetings every Sunday at 3 P. M., and enjoy them very much. I expect to have a large Band, as our number is rapidly increasing.

Yours truly in the good work,

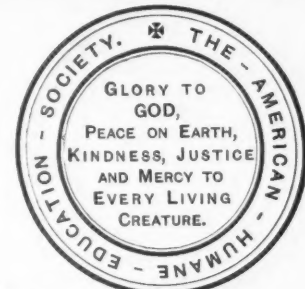
(MRS.) MARY M. WHEELER.

Mount Hermon Seminary, Clinton, Miss.

196.

We are glad to report 196 new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy formed in the past month.

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.



GEO. T. ANGELL, President.
JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.
HON. HENRY O. HOUGHTON, Treasurer.
(OF HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

DONATIONS TO AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Previously acknowledged,.....\$6,183
Mrs. E. Phillips, England,..... 25
Mrs. Dwight, Boston,..... 10
Miss Bartol, "..... 20
A Rhode Island Lady,.....200
Two New York Ladies,..... 50
\$6,488

AN IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION.

HOW THE INCOME OF PROPERTY CAN BE GIVEN TO OUR SOCIETIES AND THE GIVER RETAIN THE RIGHT TO HAVE THE PROPERTY RETURNED AT ANY TIME.

A lady asks "Can I give money or property to 'The American Humane Education Society' and retain the right to have the whole or any part returned to me whenever I ask that it be returned—the Society receiving the income of the property until I ask to have it returned?"

I answer yes.

We have consulted the highest legal authority on this point.

There is no obstacle whatever, and we have received for our Mass. Society P. C. Animals several such gifts already, including one from the past Librarian of Harvard University.

Any person can convey to our "American Humane Education Society" or Massachusetts Society P. C. A. any sum of money, or other property, and receive back the same whenever wanted—the Society in the meantime having the income.

In regard to the surety of the property being well invested and taken care of I need only say that the trustees of the permanent funds of both our societies are the same, and include such gentlemen—with the subscriber—as Samuel E. Sawyer, Esq., and the Hon. Samuel C. Cobb of the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company.

Another important fact is that such property, while held by us, is free from taxation.

We believe there are some good friends of our work who may be glad to give us the use of a part of their property on condition that it be well taken care of and returned when they wish.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

A NEW AND IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.
DRIVERS' SIGNALS.COACHMEN'S BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION,
68 BRIMMER STREET,
BOSTON, Nov. 16th, 1889.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President of the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

DEAR SIR:—I take great pleasure in informing you of the unanimous adoption of your letter setting forth a system of signals for drivers to give notice to other drivers of intention of turning to the right or left, by *swinging the whip to the right* when intending to turn to the right, and *swinging whip to the left* when intending to turn to the left, and by *holding the whip upright* when intending to stop, repeated signals to the right or left meaning a complete turning around. I am happy to say that our Association heartily co-operate with you in establishing this system for the public safety and the protection of Dumb Animals, and we as a body are always ready and willing to help any system that will be a benefit to the public. Our Association, like your useful Society, has increased in number very rapidly, and I am happy to say our "*Band of Mercy*" is increasing, our membership's roll at present being *four hundred and fifty strong*.

At the meeting held on November 13th, when the system of signalling was adopted, a committee (consisting of President J. O. Waters, Daniel O'Brien, Wm. Quinn and Patrick H. Troy) were appointed to wait on you and invite you to address the Association.

Hoping that the committee may be successful in their mission,

We remain very respectfully yours,

JOHN O. WATERS, Prest.,

DANIEL O'BRIEN, Rec'd. Secy.

of Coachmen's Benevolent Association and Band of Mercy.

COACHMEN'S BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, Nov. 16th, 1889.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President,

DEAR SIR,—The Committee of the Coachmen's Benevolent Association wish to say that the members of the Association read your paper "*Our Dumb Animals*" every month with great interest, and the reading of it has produced on the part of the Association a very kind feeling towards your Society, and to do what they can to secure kind treatment of horses through the city.

JOHN O. WATERS, President.

WILLIAM QUINN.

PATRICK H. TROY.

DANIEL O'BRIEN, Rec'd Secy.

ONE FROM MANY.

There is printed in Boston, by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a monthly paper entitled *Our Dumb Animals*, the subscription price of which is only fifty cents. *It ought to be in every home in the land.* Children are often inclined to be cruel to animals. It is the purpose of the editor to teach them not to be. This paper is filled with entertaining and instructive stories beautifully illustrated. Send fifty cents to Geo. T. Angell, 19 Milk Street, Boston, and we know that you will not regret it.—Harrisburg, Pa., *Daily Telegraph*.

An American professor, attempting to explain to a little girl the manner in which the lobster casts his shell when he has outgrown it, remarked: "What do you do when you get too big for your clothes?" You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh, no; we let out the tucks!"

JOSH BILLINGS

says that "if a man wants to go through life and please everybody he must travel on a back road."

The above saying is brought to our remembrance by a letter from a humane worker in the West, and by reading the following:

It is a curious fact in American public life that the moment a man becomes prominent somebody begins to try to make everybody believe that he is either a knave or a fool!

Well, we think it has always been about so from the days of Christ and the Apostles.

If a man is working for selfish ends only, he is quite likely to say in his last days, now, as did Cardinal Wolsey: "*If I had served my God as I have served my King he would not, in my old age, have deserted me.*"

But if a man is working for noble purposes, he can go forward rejoicing to the end.

Let no such man hesitate to speak or act boldly for the right.

The great names of sacred and profane history are those of men who in their lifetimes were assailed and misrepresented.

George Washington was no exception to the rule. But the bell of every steamer that passes the tomb of Washington tolls a requiem to his memory, while the names of his detractors have been long since forgotten.

THE MILLENIUM.

At the meeting at which the Illinois Humane Society was founded, in 1871, we had as one of the speakers the Rev. Edward Everett Hale of Boston, and the text of his short but most eloquent address was "*We are all in the same boat—men and animals.*" When we teach kindness to either one we are teaching kindness to the other.

Hundreds of thousands of children in our public schools come from homes where they are abused by fathers, abused by mothers, and where the name of the Almighty is never heard except in words of blasphemy. How are you going to make these children kind and merciful men and women? It is of no use to tell them to love God. They know nothing about God.

It is no use to tell them to love their fathers or mothers, for their fathers and mothers have nothing to attract love.

But you can teach them to speak kindly to all the lower creatures they are meeting a hundred times a day, and to be constantly doing to them little acts of kindness, and so you can develop by heart-culture a principle which will make them good and merciful in all the relations of life.

What a millenium we might have on this earth, if all the children of America could be faithfully taught to seize every opportunity of making all about them happier—how the rich would become kinder to the poor—the poor kinder to the rich—all kinder to each other and to every harmless living creature.

What a happy world this might be.

That is the grand mission of our "*American Humane Education Society*" and the mother from which it sprang—*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*.

PIGS.

Pigs are said to resemble some men in various ways. Among other things, they have been noted for intelligence—performing pigs picking out letters and so spelling words, etc. The Rev. Mr. Beane, of Newburyport, writes us of a remarkable instance occurring in his vicinity, in which a mother, turned out in the cold, constructed of branches and twigs a most complete shelter for her six little ones.

HEROISM.

We do not remember to have read recently a nobler act of heroism than this which we find in the *Youths' Companion*.

On the 27th of December, 1885, one of the American line of steamers,—the *Lord Gough*,—while on its way from Liverpool to Philadelphia, sighted a Gloucester fishing schooner in distress. The wind was blowing a gale, and the schooner almost disabled, and, with three or four of her crew already washed into the ocean, was flying the signal for help.

Captain Hughes of the steamship saw the fearful peril which a rescuing party must encounter, but his call for volunteers was promptly answered by the mate and a crew of brave men, and preparations were made for the desperate trip. To the astonishment of all, while the boat was being lowered the flag of distress on the schooner's mast was hauled down!

Perplexed at this movement, the hardy rescuers hesitated; but it was finally decided that the boat should go. With great difficulty the schooner was reached, and on her deck were found twelve men utterly without hope except from outside aid. It was necessary to make two trips, and the bold sailors of the *Lord Gough* took half the suffering men and toiled through the wild waters to their own ship, and returned as soon as possible for the others.

When all were safe on the steamer, Captain Hughes asked the schooner's master, Captain George W. Pendleton, why he had lowered the distress flag. The reply was:

"We saw that you were preparing to make an effort to save us, but we saw, also, that it was a sea in which it was very doubtful whether a boat would live. I said, then, to my men, '*Shall we let those brave fellows risk their lives to save ours?*' and they answered, '*No!*' Then I hauled down the flag."

The story is a noble one, on both sides. The men on the schooner were worth saving, at all hazard; and the men on the steamer were worthy to save them.

HOW THE GIRLS HAZED THE FRESHMEN.

A few evenings since the periodical "*hazing*" took place at Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania. The *freshmen* class has been pictured as trembling with apprehension, for they could not learn the time or the manner of the ordeal through which they knew they were to pass. Now, however, they are at peace again, and can devote their attention to some plan of their own for returning the cordial hospitality of the sophomores. At the hour decided upon the "*freshmaids*" were invited with great ceremony to the gymnasium, where they found assembled all the students and the women members of the faculty, together with the wives of such other professors as are fortunate enough to have wives. They were politely escorted to their seats in front of the stage by members of the sophomore class, and waited for the curtain to rise. First came the class greeting, sung to the music of the Huntsman's Chorus in "*Die Freischütz*." This was harmless, and before they had time to relapse into a state of tremulousness the first scene of the play of the evening was presented. It was a parody on Tennyson's "*Princes*," cleverly written by one of the sophomores, and charmingly performed by a part of the class. It held the close attention of the audience, was full of neat wit, contained not a little excellent blank verse, and received much praise. But the poor girls in the front seats knew this was not the end, and soon the dark designs of their elders would be made known to them. The curtain again rose and disclosed "*Minerva*," seated on a high platform in her classic garb; on either side a chorus of kneeling maidens who solemnly chanted a Latin ode written for the occasion by one of the class. The lights were arranged so that "*Minerva*" was in the full light and the chorus in shadow. After the ode each one of the "*freshmaids*" was led in turn by two "*sophs*" upon the stage to receive from "*Minerva*" a lantern, which is the college emblem. The ode was a very creditable piece of Latin composition and received warm praise from the dean. The evening's entertainment concluded with refreshments and dancing.

NOT ABOVE HIS BUSINESS.

"Do you ever trust, Mr. Astor?" inquired Mr. K—.

"I do not trust strangers, sir," was the reply, "unless they furnish me with satisfactory city references."

"Then," said Mr. K—, "the skins I have selected must suffice this time," and paying for the same he departed.

In the afternoon of the same day, just before the sailing of the New Bedford packet, the young trader returned for his lot of furs. Throwing the whole pack on his back he left the store, but he had not gone a dozen yards when Mr. Astor called his name bidding him come back.

"Sir," said Mr. Astor, "you can have credit for any amount of goods you require, provided they are to be found in my store."

"But," stammered Mr. K—, "but, my dear sir, I can give no city reference. I am a stranger here."

"I ask no other recommendation," responded the rich merchant, "than that already furnished by yourself. The man who is not above his own business need never hesitate to apply to John Jacob Astor for credit."—*Holy Family.*

KINDLY TREATED BRONCHO.

ONE WAY IN WHICH THIS ANIMAL CAN BE CONQUERED AND TRAINED.

It has been and is still believed by some that to break a broncho he must be roped, thrown, beaten, conquered before he can be utilized, writes a contributor to *Forest and Stream*. I believed so once, but the method has always struck me as a dead failure. Were the breaker of as fine intellect as the broncho, in many instances he might gracefully submit to a reversal of situations and allow the broncho to train him, for out of the brains of bronchos we may learn wisdom, as well as out of the mouths of babes and sucklings.

I had a friend once, as brave a man as ever graced a saddle, leveled a Winchester or loved a child, and he owned a broncho. If he would saddle the animal once or three times a day the pony must be roped, thrown and blinded on each occasion. My friend said it was "the nature of the brute." I knew he could not be wantonly unkind to anything. It never occurred to me that it might be education, and that nature had nothing to do with it.

Several years later the madam and I were camped near an old log road in the mountains in the vicinity of a friend's ranch. One morning, as I was about building the fire for coffee, the ranchman's son, a lad of 18, came up the road with a bridle on his arm. He stopped near us and began to whistle, as one



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"We ate our apples and popped our corn, and talked of the singing school,
And I hardly knew a word I said, and acted just like a fool!"

From "The Wooling of Grandmother Grey." Used by kind permission of Lee & Shepard.

would for a dog. After he had whistled a few times I heard a whinny, and in a few moments the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs broke upon the sweet peacefulness of the summer morning. Looking in the direction of the sound, I presently saw a pony coming down the old road on a keen run. A dappled gray pony, with ears erect and mane flying; his neck was outstretched and his eyes seemed to flash with exquisite pleasure; he came leaping on as if moved by thoughts of love, absolutely free, beautiful in form, graceful in his liberty and in every movement. Within a few rods of the lad the reckless gallop resolved itself into a swinging trot until he reached his friend, when he came to a halt and rubbed his nose against the boy's shoulder. The loud whinny was softened and the arched neck pressed against the lad for the expected caress. It is a good twenty years since that bright morning and yet the memory of it is as fresh as if I saw it now; I can taste again the very sweetness of the balsam-laden air, can see the tender blue mist that lingered about the distant hills and see the pony's head resting against the boy's shoulder; and it seemed to me then as it does now, that if there had been hands instead of hoofs he would have hugged the boy and would have kissed him on the lips, instead of on the hand, had he known how.

"Where did you get that horse, Harry?"

"Out of Hill's drove."

"You don't mean to say he's a broncho—he's too kind and handsome?"

"That's what he is."

"How long have you owned him?"

"About three months."

"But how did you break him? I supposed that they had to be roped and beaten and—"

"Now don't you believe a word of it. I haven't even spoken cross to him, have I, Dick?"

The pony corroborated the statement beyond cavil. The madam went out and shook hands with the boy and hugged the horse, and I should not have blamed her had she hugged the boy, as I looked down into his honest, laughing gray eyes.

Patience and its attendant genius, kindness, without any exhibition of man's "dominion," a simple endeavor to bring himself up to the horse's standard of intellect, and the result was two loving friends. That they could not talk Greek, Latin or English to each other dignified the situation. The understanding between them was quite perfect and beautiful in its eloquence.—*San Francisco Call.*

CANARY BIRDS.

Wild birds eat it may be a hundred kinds of food. Many people give their canaries only dry seed, often very poor, and often, we fear, adulterated at that. This seems to us cruelty. We give our canaries, in addition to their seeds, fishbone, and occasionally red pepper, a large variety of other things, chickweed, lettuce, celery, potato crumbs, bread crumbs, cracker crumbs, a variety of vegetables, and then let them do just what wild birds do, viz., eat what they like. We have found bread crumbs thoroughly soaked with milk very kindly received, and give them to our canaries almost every morning. During several hours of each day, and always at night, we put a little mirror in the cage, in which the birds can see themselves.

We often let our canaries fly about the rooms.

BIDDY'S BURGLAR.

My father is a commercial traveller, and he is sometimes away from home for five or six weeks. He always brings me something when returning from one of these long trips, and about a year ago he brought me Biddy.

I have never seen a parrot quite as clever as Biddy. She could say more things, and say them more distinctly, than any other parrot I have ever seen.

Her ability in this direction was really remarkable. But, aside from such stock expressions as "Biddy wants a cracker" and "Biddy wants her dinner," or "Poor Biddy," she rarely said the same thing twice, and would lift her wings and shriek out "I won't!" if asked to repeat one of her long sentences.

Sometimes she would repeat sentences of ten or twelve words with perfect accuracy, and in the exact tone of the person speaking them, and again she would mimic everything that was said when a conversation was being carried on in the same room with her. I remember once when good old Deacon Pratt—who was a good old man if he did talk "through his nose" and always in a dejected little whine—when he called, and, during his stay, remarked gloomily that "we are all miserable worms of the earth," Biddy who up to this time had been decently silent, took up the expression, and, in the deacon's exact tones, drawled out:

"We are all miserable worms of the earth. Yes, yes!"

Then she suddenly burst into such shrieks of laughter that mother, with a crimson face, carried Biddy's cage out of the room and hung it up at the end of the porch, where she could still be heard going on with her enlivening discourse on "worms."

Her cage hung out of doors in the summer time, where she was the delight of children and the terror of dogs, and where she mimicked every huckster and peddler who came near, crying his wares.

"Shears to grind! Shears to grind!" would cry the untidy and desolate man going by with his tinkling hand-bell and his grind-stone on his bent back, and "Shears to grind! Shears to grind!" Biddy would scream, while the scissors-grinder would stop short and stare in amazement at the saucy bird.

I had owned Biddy about six months, and mother said she was "sick and tired" of having her, when something happened to change mother's opinion of Biddy's usefulness.

Father came home from a four weeks' trip bringing with him nearly three thousand dollars that he had collected for the firm by which he was employed, that he had no opportunity of sending by draft.

It was after dark when he reached home, the banks and business houses were closed, so that there was nothing to do but to bring the money home with him, and it always made mother nervous and uneasy to have money in the house. Father laughed at her fears.

"No one knows that I have the money but ourselves," he said. "I would not worry in the least about it if I were you. I'll lock it up in one of the dressing-case drawers, and it will be all right in the morning."

It was almost ten o'clock, and father was getting ready for bed, when there came a ring to the door, and a messenger-boy brought a telegram for father, telling him of the illness of his brother, who lived at Hyde, ten miles distant, and asking him to come out on the next train.

"The last train for to-night leaves in twenty-five minutes" he said, as he ran up stairs and began putting on his shoes.

In four minutes he was gone, and mother and I were alone.

"That money!" cried mother, as we listened to father's fast receding footsteps on the stone pavement. "I wish your father had taken it with him. I never once thought of it in the excitement and hurry in getting him off. I shall not sleep a moment to-night."

When father was away I always slept on a lounge in my mother's room, instead of in my own little room over the hall at the other end of the house. Our one servant slept in an attic

room, and mother was too timid to be left alone in her part of the house.

I was only twelve years old, but mother said she felt a greater sense of security and far less lonely when I was near her, and I felt proud of the confidence she expressed in my ability to protect her.

Biddy was given the freedom of my room at night. Her ladyship's cage door was left open, the windows and doors of the room were closed, and if Biddy chose to take a little exercise by promenading around the room she was at liberty to do so.

She always availed herself of this privilege, and would go waddling about screaming:

"I'm a lady! I'm the mayor's lady! Ha, ha, ha! the mayor's lady!"

But she always retired to the crossbar of the cage for the night. I nearly always found her perched on a chairback or on the head-board of the bed when I entered the room in the morning, and the only way to get her back to her cage was to put her breakfast in it. To all my coaxing and threatening she would simply say:

"I won't! I won't! I won't!"

And she wouldn't. And it was not always safe for any person but myself to enter the room.

Once she flew at Jane, our Irish domestic, who came screaming down-stairs with Biddy clinging by her claws to Jane's skirt and screaming almost as loudly as Jane herself.

On the night of which I write, Biddy was in her cage in my room. When father had gone mother came to my room to ask me to come and sleep on the lounge, as usual, and I opened the door of Biddy's cage before I left the room, that she might enjoy her promenade when daylight came.

Although mother had said she was sure she "should not sleep a wink," I heard her breathing in that heavy, measured way common to sound sleepers, when I awakened a few minutes before the clock struck one. I was not a very timid boy, but as I lay there in the darkness, trying to go to sleep again, I could think of nothing but the large sum of money locked in the upper drawer of the dressing-case at my feet.

I thought of all the robberies and burglaries I had ever heard of, and while my nerves were becoming keenly sensitive under the influence of these pleasing reflections, I heard a sound as of some one moving at the end of the hall.

I sat up excited and trembling, and the next instant Biddy broke out in shrill, sharp screams and cries:

"I won't! I won't! I won't!"

I heard the sound of smothered imprecations, and then my mother awoke with an alarmed cry, and I could feel her trembling in every limb and her breath coming in quick gasps as she came and knelt by my bed, with her arms around me.

With the first sound of Biddy's voice my cowardice gave place to a boyish pride in her valor, and to satisfaction in the reflection that she would be able to hold her own against the invader.

"He'll get it, whoever he is" I whispered to mother. "Biddy'll give it to him!"

Then there came the sound of a chair or table being overturned, and again Biddy shrieked:

"I won't! I won't! Ha, ha, ha! Get out! Get out! Out, out, out! Ha, ha!"

Then followed such wild, mad shrieks as we had never heard even Biddy utter before.

She would laugh, and then scream, and again cry:

"I won't. Ha, ha, ha! Get out!"

Pulling myself away from mother, I ran to the door, unlocked it, and cried out boldly: "Take him, Biddy! Sic him, Biddy! Catch him!" unmindful of the fact that Biddy was a bird and not a dog.

The scuffling sound had ceased, and I lighted a lamp; but it was some time before mother would allow me to go to Biddy, although I had not the least fear of doing so.

"Biddy has settled him," I said confidently, and when mother did finally permit me to go to my pet I found her as nearly hysterical as it is possible for a bird to become.

Some of her long, green feathers were lying

about the room, and she limped as she walked across the floor, toward me, from a corner of the room. First she would laugh, and then cry, saying incoherently:

"I won't! Poor Biddy! Biddy want's her breakfast! Ha, ha! I'm the mayor's lady! Get out! Ra—a—a—gs! Ra—a—a—gs to buy! Nice fresh banan', ten cent a doz! Ha, ha! Fine day, sir! He, hee, hee! Poor Biddy!"

She was quite beside herself with excitement and with elation over her victory, for it was evident that she had put to rout some midnight marauder.

A window of the room leading to a small piazza was open wide, and there were bloody finger-marks on the white paint of the window sill.

The three chairs in the room were overturned, Biddy's cage was on the floor, and there was an old slouch hat in the centre of the room; and, most convincing of all, there was a tuft of reddish-brown hair, and in a corner, the wig from which it had come as she pulled it from the invader's head.

There was no doubt that the room had been entered by a burglar and Biddy had gallantly shown fight. In his efforts to seize and silence her, in the darkness, the invader had evidently been severely punished, and had finally fled the field as her screams continued and danger of detection became greater.

Jane came down stairs and we went back to mother's room, taking Biddy with us, and sat up the remainder of the night listening to Biddy's ramblings, for she talked and laughed alternately until daybreak, and, having heard me say them, her pet words for many days were:

"Biddy whipped the burglar! Biddy whipped the burglar! Hurrah for Biddy!"—ZENAS DANE, in *Golden Days*.

THE SERGEANT'S DOG.

In 1884 Sergeant Malloy, who acted as police sergeant at the soldier's home at Togus, Me., was shot while in the discharge of his duties. He owned a large Newfoundland dog, which was an inseparable companion, and was with him at the time of the shooting. The dog would have torn the murderer in pieces but for the interference of other inmates, and ever since the animal has displayed peculiar symptoms at the time of funerals. Whenever a burial is to take place at the home, and the band begins to play the Dead March, the dog will hide among the bushes until the first volley of musketry is fired over the grave, when he will rush upon the firing squad with every symptom of madness, and it is with the utmost difficulty that he can be kept off. No matter what the weather the big Newfoundland attends every funeral at the home, and he has not missed one since the burial of his murdered master in 1884.—*Boston Traveller*.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S DAUGHTER.

Society has a way of avenging itself for the wrongs committed on the lowest of all its members. Sir Robert Peel gave his daughter a magnificent riding-habit on her nineteenth birthday, and, attired in the embroidered gown, she rode side by side with him in the parks of London. She had scarcely returned home before she was taken ill with the most malignant form of typhus fever, and in ten days was laid to rest in the church-yard. And the secret was a very simple one. The poor seamstress, in a garret in one of the slums, while she was embroidering that garment looked upon a husband shivering in the paroxysm of chills, and she took the half-finished garment and laid it over him; and the garment took up the germs of fever, and conveyed them from the hovel of the poorest to the palace of the statesman. And so we are bound together in one bundle of social life; and if we neglect the poorest and the lowest, society will avenge herself in the destruction of the highest and the richest and most cultivated.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY BIRDS' WINGS.

"In one milliner's window on Washington Street I counted this afternoon 150 wings of birds.

Can nothing be done to stop this wholesale slaughter of the innocents?

Would it be asking too much of the ministers to make it the subject of one sermon?

They could find no better text than 'Not one sparrow is forgotten before God.'

Extract from letter of a lady connected with the "Boston Young Women's Christian Association."

We send "Our Dumb Animals" monthly to all Massachusetts Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy.

We commend the above to their kind consideration.

We shall deem it a pleasure to supply all gratuitously with material for a sermon on this subject.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President.



FARMER JOHN.

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BIRDS AT SEA.

Sir Edwin Arnold, in an account of his voyage to America, which appears in the *London Daily Telegraph*, says: "Every day we see playing round the ship and skimming up and down the wave-hollows companies of lovely little terns and sea swallows, the latter no larger than thrushes. These fearless people of the waste have not by any means followed us from the land, living, as gulls often will, on the waste thrown from the vessel. They are vague and casual roamers of the ocean, who, spying the great steamship from afar, have sailed close up, to see if we are a rock or an island, and will then skim away again on their own free and boundless business. Yonder tiny bird with purple and green plumage, his little breast and neck laced with silver, is distant 1000 miles at this moment from a drop of fresh water, and yet cares no more for that fact than did the Irish squire who 'lived twelve miles from a lemon.' If his wings ever grow weary, it is but to settle quietly on the bosom of a great billow and suffer it for a time to rock and roll him amid the hissing spindrift, the milky, flying foam, and the broken sea-lace which forms, and gleams, and disappears again upon the dark slopes. When he pleases, a stroke of the small red foot and a beat of the wonderful wing launch him off from the jagged edge of his billow, and he flits past us at one hundred knots an hour, laughing steam and canvas to scorn, and steering for some nameless crag in Labrador or Fundy, or bound, it may be, homeward for some island or marsh of the far-away Irish coast. Marvellously expressive of power as is our untiring engine, which all day and all night throbs and pants and pulses in noisy rhythm under the deck, what a clumsy, imperfect affair it is compared to the dainty plumes and delicate muscles which will carry that pretty, fearless sea-swallow back to his roost!"

Plutarch says very finely, that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies; because if you indulge this passion on some occasions, it will rise of itself in others.—*Addison*.

Live in the sunlight.

FARMER JOHN.

Home from his journey Farmer John

Arrived this morning safe and sound,
His black coat off, and his old clothes on.

"Now I'm myself," says Farmer John;

And he thinks, "I'll look around."

Up leaps the dog; "Get down you pup!

Are you so glad you would eat me up?"

The old cow lows at the gate, to greet him;

The horses prick up their ears, to meet him;

"Well, well, old Bay!

Ha, ha, old Gray!

Do you get good food when I'm away?

"You haven't a rib!" says Farmer John;

"The cattle are looking round and sleek:

The colt is going to be a roan,

And a beauty, too; how he has grown!

We'll wean the calf next week."

Says Farmer John, "When I've been off,

To call you again about the trough,

And watch you, and pet you, while you drink,

Is a greater comfort than you can think!"

And he pats old Bay,

And he slaps old Gray;

"Ah, this is the comfort of going away!"

"For after all," says Farmer John,

"The best of a journey is getting home!

I've seen great sights,—but would I give

This spot, and the peaceful life I live,

For all their Paris and Rome?

These hills for the city's stifled air,

And big hotels, all bustle and glare,

Lands all houses, and roads all stones,

That deafen your ears and batter your bones?

Would you, old Bay?

Would you, old Gray?

That's what one gets by going away!"

"I've found out this," says Farmer John,—

"That happiness is not bought and sold,

And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,

In nights of pleasure and days of worry;

And wealth isn't all in gold,

Mortgage, and stocks, and ten per cent.,

But in simple ways, and sweet content,

Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,

Some land to till and a few good friends,

Like you, old Bay,

And you, old Gray!

That's what I've learned by going away."

And a happy man is Farmer John,—

O, a rich and happy man is he?

He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,

The corn in tassel, and buckwheat blowing,

And fruit on vine and tree;

The large kind oxen look their thanks

As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their

flanks;

The doves light round him, and strut and coo;

Says Farmer John, "I'll take you, too,—

And you, old Bay,

And you, old Gray,

The next time I travel so far away!"

—Our Young Folks.

CANINE FAITHFULNESS.

A writer in the *Boston Post* relates this dog story: Not infrequently I observe a dog standing guard over a horse while the master of the two animals makes a call at some down-town place of business. But I seldom see the canine groom put in so unpleasant a situation or extricate himself so cleverly as he did in a case which I happened to witness lately. It was a cold day, and the dog, sitting on his haunches most of the time, changed his position pretty often as one who found his seat uncomfortable, but he never for a moment took his eye from the horse. Presently the latter member of the party, which also began to find the weather a little chill, started down the street at a fast walk. This horrified the dog; he leaped and barked in front of the offender with great vehemence, but, failing to stop his companion in this manner, he ran up to a gentleman whom he observed on the sidewalk, and then back to the horse. This he repeated two or three times, barking all the while, until his request was heeded, and the stranger led the horse back to his former place at the curbstone. The dog thanked the man with a wag of his tail, and resumed his seat on the sidewalk with an evident air of relief.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

- 6908 Millbury, Mass.
True Blue Band.
P., Bertha G. Randall.
- 6909 Wide Awake Band.
P., Philanda Herrick.
- 6910 Boston, Mass.
Dudley School Band.
P., Frances Zirngiebel.
S., Harry T. Jackson.
- 6911 Whitby, Ont., Canada.
P., L. Maggie Linton.
- 6912 Reynolds, Neb.
P., Lulie Alsworth.
- 6913 Fond du Lac, Wis.
Young America Band.
P., Jennie B. Sizer.
- 6914 Jacksonville, Ill.
Silent Workers Band.
P., Annie Alcorn.
- 6915 Fond du Lac, Wis.
Uncle Nell's Band.
P., Ella Crowe.
- 6916 Webster Band.
P., Amy Wells.
- 6917 Walnut St. School Band.
P., Gonia Gonia.
S., Emma Conly.
- 6918 Washington Band.
P., Mabel Lucia.
- 6919 Davenport, N. Y.
Maple Grove Band.
P., Mrs. W. R. Riedell.
- 6920 Addison, Iowa.
P., Wm. Moore.
S., Edith Foster.
- 6921 Dakotah, Iowa.
Lily Band.
P., Mrs. B. M. Simmons.
- 6922 Busy Bee Band.
P., Jennie Sinclair.
- 6923 Fort Dodge, Iowa.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Mr. Clark.
- 6924 Never Fail Band.
P., Miss Williams.
- 6925 Humboldt, Iowa.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Soren Hezzelwood.
- 6926 Daisy Band.
P., Mrs. C. P. Clark.
- 6927 Rose Band.
P., Miss E. D. Turner.
- 6928 Busy Bee Band.
P., S. C. Segur.
- 6929 Humming Bird Band.
P., Jessie Vaupel.
- 6930 West Winsted, Conn.
K. I. N. D. Band.
P., Helen R. Holmes.
- 6931 Globe Village, Mass.
Valiant Band.
P., Frank Reed.
S., Carrie Gleason.
- 6932 Fond du Lac, Wis.
Juvenile Band.
P., Kate A. Morley.
- 6933 Star Band.
P., Gertrude Hannigan.
- 6934 Audubon Band.
P., Addie Lewis.
- 6935 Badger State Band.
P., Eliza A. Keyes.
- 6936 Happy Workers Band.
P., Fannie Brugger.
- 6937 Ashville, N. C.
Excelsior Band.
P., S. H. Witherspoon.
- 6938 Missionary Baptist Band.
P., Rev. R. P. Rumbly.
- 6939 Mountain Side Band.
P., Rev. S. H. Roberts.
- 6940 Bournham, Miss.
P., A. C. Warner.
S., Lela Steward.
- 6941 Fond du Lac, Wis.
Pansy Band.
P., M. K. De Sombre.
S., Henry A. Gleistein.
- 6942 Second St. Band.
P., Julia Gibbins.
- 6943 Portia's Pupils Band.
P., Mrs. C. A. Miner.
- 6944 White Knights Band.
P., Anna M. Zueffel.
- 6945 Sharon Station, N. Y.
Helping Hands Band.
P., Mrs. Charles Day.
- 6946 Winsted, Conn.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Nellie A. Foster.
- 6947 Lynden, Ontario, Can.
P., S. J. Atkins.
- 6948 Milwaukee, Wis.
Immanuel Mission Band.
P., Miss A. L. Syme.
- 6949 Fond du Lac, Wis.
Fountain City Band.
P., Ella Bryant.
- 6950 Mitchell Band.
P., Eloise Kent.
- 6951 New Orleans, La.
Henry Bergh Band.
P., Edmund S. Butler.
S., Marie F. Demas.
- 6952 Chippewa Falls, Wis.
P., Clara Sumner.
- 6953 Fond du Lac, Wis.
Little Lights Band.
P., Mattie Cahill.
- 6954 Sunbeam Circle Band.
P., Anna L. McCumber.
- 6955 Beloit, Wis.
Sunbeam Band.
P., Mrs. E. M. Meade.
- 6956 Ashville, N. C.
Trinity Chapel Band.
P., Rev. Henry S. McDuffey.
- 6957 Beakton, Va.
P., W. W. Teater.
- 6958 Fond du Lac, Wis.
Fifth St. Band.
P., M. J. Nugent.
- 6959 Juvenile No. 2 Band.
P., Lizzie Nugent.
- 6960 St. Thomas, Ontario.
Myrtle Band.
P., Eliza Gould.
- 6961 Kissimmee, Fla.
P., G. Anna Raymond.
- 6962 Shaker, Ohio.
Union Village Centre Band.
P., Ellen Ross.
S., Harriet Shepard.
- 6963 Hearts Ease Band.
P., Willie Campbell.
S., Kate Dunnegan.
- 6964 Clinton, Iowa.
Public Schools.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Lillian B. Clark.
- 6965 Lily Band.
P., Clara W. Ellis.
- 6966 Willing Workers Band.
P., Helene Moore.
- 6967 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Agnes Donahue.
- 6968 Faithful Band.
P., Eldred White.
- 6969 Buds of Promise Band.
P., Flora Ryder.
- 6970 Pigeon Band.
P., Julia McCullough.
- 6971 Lincoln Band.
P., Elizabeth Bedford.
- 6972 Busy Bee Band.
P., Ida M. Crowell.
- 6973 Rose Bud Band.
P., Emma Ott.
- 6974 Robin Band.
P., Ella A. Wilson.
- 6975 Canary Band.
P., Margaret Hennessey.
- 6976 Sabin Band.
P., Mary E. Burnham.
- 6977 Longfellow Band.
P., Mary E. Walsh.
- 6978 Garfield Band.
P., Maud Leslie.
- 6979 Washington Band.
P., Alice Pearce.
- 6980 Pansy Band.
P., Harriet B. Toll.
- 6981 Oriole Band.
P., Kate Ryan.
- 6982 I'll Try Band.
P., Mattie M. Burnham.
- 6983 Hope Band.
P., Lena N. Young.
- 6984 Star Band.
P., Lois M. Smith.
- 6985 Sunbeam Band.
P., Emma Wright.
- 6986 Helping Hand Band.
P., Helen M. Dunbar.
- 6987 Violet Band.
P., Eugene Miller.
- 6988 Busy Bee No. 2 Band.
P., Mary Fairchild.
- 6989 Rose-bud No. 2 Band.
P., Millie H. Morey.
- 6990 Mayflower Band.
P., Ella Walsh.
- 6991 Grant Band.
P., Ella Edwards.
- 6992 Willing Workers Band.
P., Emma J. Mitchell.
- 6993 Bluebird Band.
P., Jennie Gleason.
- 6994 May Blossoms Band.
P., Estelle Goodwin.
- 6995 Sunshine Band.
P., Adelaide Seeley.
- 6996 Golden Rule No. 2.
P., Julia Carleton.
- 6997 Busy Bee No. 3 Band.
P., Tracy Brinkman.
- 6998 Rose-bud No. 3 Band.
P., Lama East.
- 6999 Star No. 2 Band.
P., Estelle Price.
- 7000 Rose Band.
P., Ethel Estabrook.
- 7001 Whittier Band.
P., Mary E. Hennessey.
- 7002 Kindness Band.
P., Nellie E. Hoyt.
- 7003 Washington No. 2 Band.
P., Carrie E. Briggs.
- 7004 Longueuil, Quebec.
P., Hattie F. Davis.
- 7005 Rockford, Ill.
Loyal Legion Band.
P., Catherine G. Walsh.
- 7006 Massawippi, Quebec.
Loyal Legion Band.
P. & S., Mrs. E. St. Dizier.
- 7007 Fond du Lac, Wis.
Eighty-Nine Band.
P., Jeanne Mangan.
- 7008 Sir Walter Scott Band.
P., Belle Morley.
- 7009 Hopeful Band.
P., Bertha M. Todd.
- 7010 Youths Band.
P., Bridget Crowe.
- 7011 Mt. Pleasant, Mich.
Cheerful Helpers Band.
P., Hana Shorts.
- 7012 Berlin, Ontario.
Royal Band.
P., L. M. Sheppard.
- 7013 Fond du Lac, Wis.
Wells Band.
P., Amy Wells.
- 7014 Mt. Pleasant, Mich.
Busy Band.
P., Ella Kelly.
- 7015 Clinton, Miss.
Mt. Herman Band.
P., Mrs. Mary M. Wheeler.
- 7016 Fond du Lac, Wis.
Willing Band.
P., Debbie L. Lovett.
- 7017 Pearl Band.
P., Anna C. Burke.
- 7018 Kertwright, N. Y.
P., M. E. McLaury.
- 7019 Sterling, Ill.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Alice M. Dummer.
- 7020 Mt. Airy, Pa.
Crusaders League Band.
P., L. D. Lovett.
- 7021 Murdock, Ill.
P., Eva C. Kidwell.
- 7022 Seattle, W. T.
Little Workers Band.
P., Mrs. Franc Lee.
- 7023 Worcester, Mass.
Summer Street Mission Chapel Band.
P., Fannie C. Mason.
- 7024 Fond du Lac, Wis.
P., Mary L. Lovett.
- 7025 Berlin, Ontario.
P., Mary Sheek.
- 7026 New York, N. Y.
P., John A. Dawson.
V.-P., J. H. Thomas.
- 7027 Davenport, Iowa.
Public Schools.
Rose Band.
P., Anna S. Barger.
- 7028 Lily Band.
P., Nannie Moore.
- 7029 Canary Band.
P., Nellie Gillette.
- 7030 Robin Band.
P., Jennie Tule.
- 7031 Blue Bell Band.
P., Lydia G. Kidder.
- 7032 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Susie R. Hooley.
- 7033 Garfield Band.
P., Maggie S. Barger.
- 7034 Busy Bee Band.
P., Antoinette McCortney.
- 7035 Longfellow Band.
P., Gertrude Bennett.
- 7036 Pansy Band.
P., Cora T. Lindley.
- 7037 Lincoln Band.
P., Lu M. Pratt.
- 7038 Willing Workers Band.
P., M. D. Sopez.
- 7039 Blue Bird Band.
P., Minnie L. Hall.
- 7040 Oriole Band.
P., Mamie G. Everhard.
- 7041 Tulip Band.
P., Myrtle Dodd.
- 7042 Forget-me-not Band.
P., A. L. Tarley.
- 7043 I'll Try Band.
P., Emma Peterson.
- 7044 Robin Band, No. 2.
P., Minnie Morgan.
- 7045 Pansy Band, No. 2.
P., Lizzie Heinz.
- 7046 Busy Workers Band.
P., Grace Criswill.
- 7047 Star Band.
P., Pauline Randolph.
- 7048 Lily Band, No. 2.
P., Hulda Leisner.
- 7049 Rose Band, No. 2.
P., Charity J. Ozias.
- 7050 Golden Rule Band.
P., Carrie I. Warrick.
- 7051 Never Fail Band.
P., Bessie Boies.
- 7052 Geo. Washington Band, No. 2.
P., Lida Middleton.
- 7053 Lincoln Band, No. 2.
P., Gennie Grune.
- 7054 Lark Band.
P., Mary E. Dolan.
- 7055 Daisy Band.
P., May G. Black.
- 7056 Robin Band, No. 3.
P., Valona Cutter.
- 7057 Rose Band, No. 3.
P., Anna M. Mittelbuscher.
- 7058 Water Lily Band.
P., Emily Leisner.
- 7059 Blue Bell Band, No. 2.
P., Ida Neuman.
- 7060 Humming Bird Band.
P., Lida Raff.
- 7061 Geo. Washington Band, No. 3.
P., Emma Kennedy.
- 7062 Never Fail Band, No. 2.
P., Minnie Sputzm.
- 7063 Forget-me-not Band, No. 2.
P., Margrite Blair.
- 7064 Busy Workers Band, No. 2.
P., Kate Leisner.
- 7065 Canary Band, No. 2.
P., Mrs. E. C. Farrand.
- 7066 Union Band.
P., Lena E. Davis.
- 7067 Lily Band, No. 3.
P., Julia F. Perry.
- 7068 Pansy Band, No. 2.
P., Emma Gundaker.
- 7069 Lincoln Band, No. 3.
P., Ella Belmke.
- 7070 Washington Band, No. 4.
P., Emma Hromatko.
- 7071 Garfield Band.
P., Hannah C. Torbert.
- 7072 Oriole Band, No. 2.
P., Mrs. M. E. Melville.
- 7073 Golden Rule Band, No. 2.
P., Eva Shaw.
- 7074 Busy Bee Band, No. 2.
P., Ella Smith.
- 7075 Snow Ball Band.
P., Ida P. Haller.
- 7076 Blue Bird Band, No. 2.
P., Helen Cattell.
- 7077 Oriole Band, No. 3.
P., Kittie R. Farber.
- 7078 I'll Try Band, No. 2.
P., Emma Heden.
- 7079 Golden Rule Band, No. 3.
P., Allie Crowl.
- 7080 Geo. Washington Band, No. 5.
P., Elizabeth Hagarty.
- 7081 Lincoln Band, No. 4.
P., T. T. Curry.
- 7082 Longfellow Band, No. 2.
P., Laura M. Camp.
- 7083 Willing Workers Band, No. 2.
P., Alla McCool.
- 7084 Busy Bee Band, No. 3.
P., Mary E. Frizzell.
- 7085 Canary Band, No. 3.
P., Hattie P. Dahzell.
- 7086 Blue Bird Band, No. 3.
P., Nettie A. Hathaway.
- 7087 Lily Band, No. 4.
P., Emma N. Bradshaw.
- 7088 Primrose Band.
P., Mrs. H. E. Rose.
- 7089 Willing Workers Band, No. 3.
P., Mary Hunter.
- 7090 Geo. Washington Band, No. 6.
P., Libbie Anderson.
- 7091 Golden Oriole Band.
P., Rena Davis.
- 7092 Longfellow Band, No. 3.
P., M. Josephine Littig.
- 7093 Whittier Band.
P., Mrs. L. M. Richardson.
- 7094 Geo. Washington Band, No. 7.
P., Miss R. Peterson.
- 7095 Lincoln Band, No. 5.
P., Miss L. Peterson.
- 7096 Union Band, No. 2.
P., Miss T. Lambach.
- 7097 Blue Bird Band, No. 4.
P., Miss M. Ehrig.
- 7098 Robin Band, No. 3.
P., Miss A. Jay.
- 7099 Busy Workers Band, No. 3.
P., Margaret Munro.
- 7100 Red Bird Band.
P., Margaret E. Barrette.
- 7101 Clinton, Iowa.
Union Temperance Mission Band.
P., Mrs. J. B. Frisselle.
- 7102 West Philadelphia, Pa.
Willing Band.
Warren Primary School.
- 7103 Fond du Lac, Wis.
The Hickory Band.
P., Master Earl A. Locks.

SUMMARY PUNISHMENT.

In the matter of tolerating social nuisances, Americans are accused of being a very long-suffering people; but, whatever their practice, they will always be ready to cry, "Served him right!" in every case like the following, the story of which comes from England. In a railway carriage sat a pale, middle-aged lady, a slender youth hardly out of his teens, and a burly looking Squire.

At one of the stations a young man got in, holding a lighted cigarette in his hand, and as the smoke curled in the lady's face she coughed.

"This is not a smoking carriage," said the youth.

"I'm not smoking," retorted the new comer. "I dare say my cigarette will keep till we get to the next station."

"Tobacco smoke makes my mother ill, and I must ask you to put out your cigarette."

"I'm not smoking, and I shall not do it."

"Then I'll make you!" said the lad. His face had grown pale and as he rose the other put out a formidable fist, which would probably have crippled his opponent.

But now a strange thing happened. The burly Squire had hitherto remained quite passive, but he now produced something which glittered in the sunlight; there was a click, and the young man with the cigarette was handcuffed.

"You will pick up your cigarette and throw it out of the window," said the "Squire," who proved to be a detective dressed for some important work.

The cigarette was clumsily picked up with both hands and dropped out of the window. Just then the train rolled into a station, and the young man was given his liberty, which he hastened to use by slipping out of the carriage. —*Hamilton, Illinois, Press.*

PUSS BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

During the most interesting situations in "Clover" at Palmer's Theatre on Saturday evening a large tiger-marked cat, which belongs to the stage door-keeper, walked on the stage, just inside the foot-lights. The cat proceeded leisurely until it came to the centre of the stage, and then it turned toward the audience, at the same time directly facing the musical director, Herr Nowak, and began solemnly to stroke its whiskers. The house was crowded and the scene in the opera absorbing, but this was too much for the audience, and a ripple of laughter began to spread. Herr Nowak's fat sides began to shake with suppressed merriment; De Wolf Hopper looked at Eugene Oudin as if he would have given a thousand dollars for one good shout of laughter; Marion Manola took refuge in her black lace veil, while plump little Annie Myers grew rosier and rosier until she seemed about to have an apoplectic stroke. Von Suppe was forgotten; all eyes were on — the cat.

Suddenly with a bang the kettledrums rattled, the violins shrieked in unison, and with a great start Herr Nowak gave a vigorous sweep of his baton, the singers recovered themselves, and the cat, with tail in the air and each individual hair on its body standing erect, turned and cleared the space to the wings with one leap. —*New York Sun.*

A MASHER MASHED.

A very handsome young lady, apparently from the country, got into an Arlington horse car, so the story comes to us: A masher crossed over from the other side of the car and taking a seat beside her asked if he had not met her somewhere before. The young lady coolly looked him over a moment and replied in a voice sufficiently loud to be heard by all the passengers "I am not sure, but I think you are the man who stole our spoons." The masher was the centre of all eyes, and hastily rung the bell and left the car.

The name of what character in history does a person mention when asking the servant to put coal on the fire? Philip the Great.

PAINTING A FROG'S PORTRAIT.

One of my pets was a frog, about half grown. He would hop upon my hand to the tip of my finger, and sing (or croak) as long as I chose to hold him. I was an invalid just then, and when I felt lonely and my husband was away I used just to give a little croak to invite the frog to a duet, and he would set off as if his life depended on his song, no matter what the hour might be.

One day I wanted to paint him in a picture, and tried to take a profile view. But he would not let me do it; whenever I placed him in the right position he would hop round so as to face me, and then go on my paper. Then I bethought myself of putting him in a plate with some water, so that he might be comfortable. This plan answered very well, but when I turned the plate around so as to get a side view he hobbled around also, and would face me. Then I tried edging round the table myself, but with the same result, so that I was obliged to hold him sideways while I drew him. But whenever I raised my head to look at him he raised his, too, and lowered it again when I began to paint, and so we went on nodding at each other like two Chinese mandarins. —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

FROM FAIRY STORY.

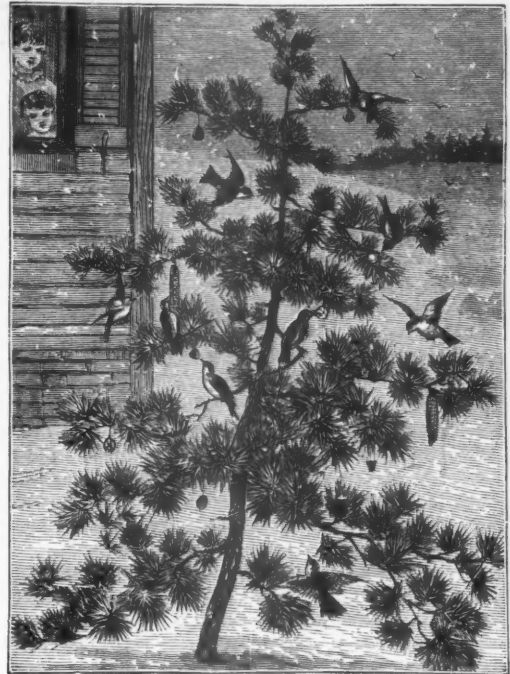
[In *Saturday Evening Gazette.*]

"Let us reverse things for an hour," said the Fairy, "and see what will happen when mortals see each other as they are, and know each other as the fairies know them."

Accordingly he drew a circle about him, and sat him down once more to view the sport. The first to enter the charmed ring was a slip of a girl in a cotton gown, and clapping to her breast a picture of anemones and violets, which she had toiled to paint, and was trying to sell that she might buy fruit for a dying mother. As she stepped within the enchanted circle, lo! her cotton gown changed to lustrous satin, pure as a lily's leaf, and on her soft, brown hair fell the shadow of a golden crown. The pictured flowers she carried became genuine blossoms, and seemed to have their roots within her heart. Amazed, the people who saw the transformation rushed to give her greeting as a strange and royal princess whom they delighted to know, but she was borne swiftly away out of their sight in a cloud of snowy whiteness.

The next who came within the magic ring was a portly woman with a double chin, and two big red ears weighted down with diamonds. Accompanying her were her maiden daughters robed in silk of Parisian make and texture, and with ruby-throated humming-birds upon their bonnets. No sooner had the trio stepped within the elfin circle than the haughty dame took on the outward semblance of a scrub woman clothed in filthy rags, her diamonds changed to tear drops wrung from the hearts she had unjustly dealt with, and her shoes gaped full of holes. Her pretty daughters were changed to kitchen wenches clothed in grease and ashes, and on their heads where erst the murdered bird had drooped its bright wings, was a ghastly toad and a strangled mouse! The commotion caused by this terrible transformation scene, as the crowd shrank back with groans and cries, was too great to admit of further tarrying on the part of the Elf. So he spread his wings and flew away.

Bridget—Enjoy slape, is it? How could I? The minit I lay down, I'm aslape, an' the minit I'm awake I have to git up. Where's the time for enjoyin' it? —*Philadelphia Call.*



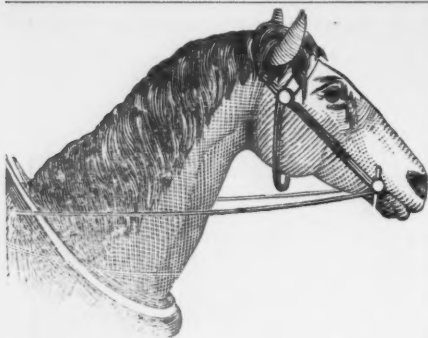
THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS.

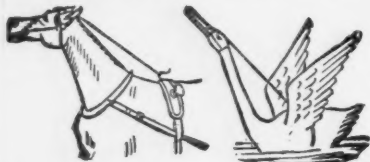
In the distant land of Denmark,
At the holy Christmas time,
There's a custom so poetic
That it's worthy better rhyme;
'Mong the peasants poor and humble,
Who our dear Lord's birthday keep
As a day of thankful gladness,
With a joy that lieth deep;
While the grass and tender herbage
Hidden are beneath the snow,
And the rudest blasts of Winter
With sharp, icy coldness blow,
Brightly deck they little gift-trees,
Glittering with their gilded fruit —
Tapers, nuts, and waxen angels
Pendant from each dark-green shoot;
And while thus they show each other,
By these tokens of their love,
How they value beyond praising
The great gift of God above;
They forget not humbler creatures,
Who their gladness cannot share,
E'en the little birds of Heaven
Twitt'ring in the wintry air:
High against a wall are mounted
Unthreshed oats bound on a pole,
Where the snow-birds feast upon them,
Ever this their Christmas dole.
And I think the little snow-birds
Must repay them by their mirth —
Singing sweeter song of Spring-time,
Making glad the barren earth.

—HELEN HAYS.

In the barn-yard: Aesthetic Boarder to Old Lady—"Of course you know, my good lady, that the hen belongs to the gallinacea." Old Lady—"Not that hen, ef you please! Some hens may belong to a gal in Asia, but these belongs to a gal in New Jersey." —*Yonkers Gazette.*



Happy Horse—No Blinders or Check-Reins.



The overhead check-rein for the horse is refined and steady torture, not for the strain backward of the neck, but because the animal cannot see the ground on which he is stepping. The swaying of his head from side to side is evidence of his trying to find relief.—*Boston Transcript*.

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A GOOD LESSON.

A boy was sitting on the steps of a house. He had a broom in one hand and a large piece of bread and butter in the other. While he was eating he saw a poor little dog not far from him. He called out to him, "Come here, poor fellow!" Seeing the boy eating he came near. The boy held out to him a piece of his bread and butter. As the dog stretched out his head to take it, the boy drew back his hand and hit him a hard rap on the nose.

A gentleman who was looking from a window on the other side of the street saw what the boy had done. Opening the street door, he called out to him to come over, at the same time holding a sixpence between his finger and thumb. "Would you like this?" said the gentleman. "Yes, if you please, sir," said the boy smiling. Just at that moment he got so severe a rap on the knuckles, from a cane which the gentleman had behind him, that he roared out with pain. "What did you do that for?" said he making a long face, and rubbing his hand. "I didn't ask you for the sixpence." "What did you hurt that dog for just now?" asked the gentleman. He didn't ask you for the bread and butter. As you served him, I have served you. Now, remember hereafter dogs can feel as well as boys.—*Boston Budget*.

Why is a doctor never seasick? He's used to see sickness.

What was Joan of Arc made of? Maid of Orleans.

Cases Reported at Office in October.

For beating, 22; over-working and over-loading, 12; over-driving, 6; driving when lame or galled, 45; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 21; abandoning, 4; torturing, 14; driving when diseased, 11; cruelly transporting, 8; general cruelty, 83.

Total, 191.

Disposed of as follows, viz.: Remedied without prosecution, 63; warnings issued, 55; not found, 19; not substantiated, 31; anonymous, 9; prosecuted, 14; convicted, 10; pending, 2.

Animals taken from work, 34; horses and other animals killed, 56.

Receipts by the Society in October.

FINES.

From *Justices' Court*.—Methuen, \$10.
Police Court.—Lee, \$5; Haverhill, \$50.
District Court.—Westfield, (4 cases,) \$15.
Municipal Court.—Brighton, \$5.
Witness Fees.—\$7. Total, \$122.

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Total, \$83.33.

American Humane Education Society for literature and sundries, \$500.

AMBULANCE.

A. Morton, \$2.50; Mr. Fuller, \$2.50; total, \$5.

Publications sold, \$74.77.

Estate of Ebenezer Geo. Tucker, \$298.03; Estate of Mary Ann Wilson, \$500.

Total, \$1,830.43.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Animal World. London, England.
Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Animals' Friend. Vienna, Austria.
Bulletin of the Russian S. P. A., St. Petersburg.
Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.
London, England. Vivisection in America, by Frances Power Cobbe and Benjamin Bryan.

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